

driven by a black in a high hat  
and me drunk  
with a class lady in a big flower hat ....

we have to find a place  
just a tiny bit of a new place.

don't send me to Jesus.

just send me a postcard with a few  
words.

I won't tell anybody.  
we won't let them fuck it up like  
they did Taos and Big Sur.

no, don't use a postcard.  
send me the information in an envelope  
and seal it with the best red wax  
you can find anywhere.

#### I LIKED HIM

I liked D.H. Lawrence  
he could get so indignant  
in such an arty manner  
he snapped and he ripped  
with wonderfully energetic sentences  
he could lay the word down  
bright and writhing  
there was the stink of blood and murder  
and sacrifice about him  
he was hardly jolly  
the only softness he allowed  
was when he bedded with his large German  
cow.

I liked D.H. Lawrence --  
he could talk about Christ  
like the man next door  
and he could describe Australian taxi drivers  
so well that you hated them.

I liked D.H. Lawrence  
but I'm glad I never met him  
in some bistro  
him lifting his tiny hot cup of  
tea  
and looking at me  
with his worm-hole eyes.